

# The LONDONERS Lamentation.

Wherein is contained a sorrowfull Description of the dreadfull Fire which happened in Pudding-Lane, next beyond Fish-street-hill on the second of Septemb. 1666. betwixt twelve and one of the clock in the morning, being Sunday, and continued untill the Thursday night following: VVith an account of the King and the Duke of York's indeavours, with several Peers of the Land, for the quenching of the same; Also the manner of doing it, and the name of every particular place where the fire did stop.

Tune is, VVhen Troy town, &c.



Let water flow from every eye,  
Of all good Subjects in the Land;  
Mountains of fire were raised high,  
Which London's City did command;  
Waste lye those buildings were so good,  
And Ashes lye where London stood.

Did London that a thousand years,  
The teeth of time could never waste,  
Now to our misery appears,  
In five daies space, tis burnt at last;  
Waste lye those Fabricks were so good,  
And Cinders lye where London stood.

The second of September, at  
the dismal hours twixt twelve and one;  
At mid-night, up the fire gat,  
In Pudding-Lane and brightly shone;  
Our Engines all could do no good,  
Till Ashes lay where London stood.

It over-flow'd Pow Fish-street-hill,  
and then gave fire to Canon-street,  
Then through the Lanes, about did wheel,  
until it with the Thames did meet,  
As if it would have dry'd the Flood,  
And left dust where the River stood.

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**A** Strong assisting Eastern-winde,  
with liberal Lungs did fan the Flame,  
The Fire so in the water Win'd,  
you would have thought 'thad been the same,  
The Flames which swallow all they meet,  
Makes nothing to destroy a Street,

Great Congregations made of sparks,  
fill all the Churches in the Town,  
That fly up like a Flock of Larks,  
the Wells and Leads are melted down;  
'Cause we from sin will not return,  
Pulpits themselves in Ashes mourn,

Pitch, Tar, Oyle, Flax and ancient Wood  
did make the raging Fire so rant,  
It would not quench, unless we cou'd  
at once have thrown the Thames upon't;  
The fire had burnt up without fear,  
Had Humber, Trent, and Tweed been there,

The Citizens can nothing do,  
but lug their treasure out of town,  
Thirty pound Carts are hired now,  
each private man looks to his own  
But every passenger they greet,  
With Sugar and Wine in every street.

Up to the old Exchange the fire,  
with bold ambitious wings did fly,  
And to the top on't did aspire,  
until it all did levell lye;  
But Gresham (he that built it) stands,  
In spite of Vulcan's hot commands,

The lofty front of peerless Powls,  
is now besieged with the Flame,  
In which his wooden intralls rowls,  
but bravely doth withstand the same,  
And massy stones like shot lets fly,  
Out of its own Artillery.

Women lying in, and Cripples crawl  
out of their beds, into the Field,  
Least fire should consume them all,  
'gainst which they had no other shield;  
In every place the fields were strew'd  
Which like to a great Leaguer shew'd,

Our gracious King, the Duke of York,  
the Life-guards and their noble Lords,  
Both day and night, did watch and work,

to pull down houses, walls, and boards  
That fire might no further go,  
And so consume the Suburbs too.

God gave a blessing to their hands,  
for by this means the flames grew lower,  
It did at once obey Commands,  
both at the Temple, and the Tower,  
At Pic-corner, and Aldersgate,  
The fire lost his flaming state,

At Holborn-bridge and Cripple-gate,  
and in the midst of Coleman-street,  
And Basing-hall it was laid flat,  
it did such opposition meet,  
Bishops-gate-street and Leaden-hall,  
To Cornhil-Standard are saved all.

Just at Fan-Church in Fan-Church-street,  
Cloath-workers-hall in Mincing-Lane,  
The fire could no further get,  
and in Mark-Lane was quench'd again;  
And now with heavy losses, we  
Are rid of this horrid misery.

Of French and Dutch many were took;  
(upon suspicion of a Plot,  
That they this ruine should provoke  
with Fire-works) which will all be brought  
Unto their tryal, but I fear,  
Our sinful hearts more guilty are.

Three of Gods sharpest Arrows are  
and have been at us lately shot,  
Civil War, Pestilence and Fire,  
for Pride and Gain, there lies the Plot,  
Beware the fourth, for if it fall,  
Grim Famine will confound us all,

I know each Citizen hath drank  
a scalding draught of this hot Cup,  
But let him not (to mend his bank)  
use greedy Gains to get it up,  
Let them consider what they do,  
Their Customers are Sufferers too.

Then let us with hearts undivided,  
thank God his Mercies are so great,  
As that the Fire hath not spoil'd  
the Suburbs and the Royal Seat:  
If we still hate each other thus,  
God never will be friends with us.

Finis

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